THE
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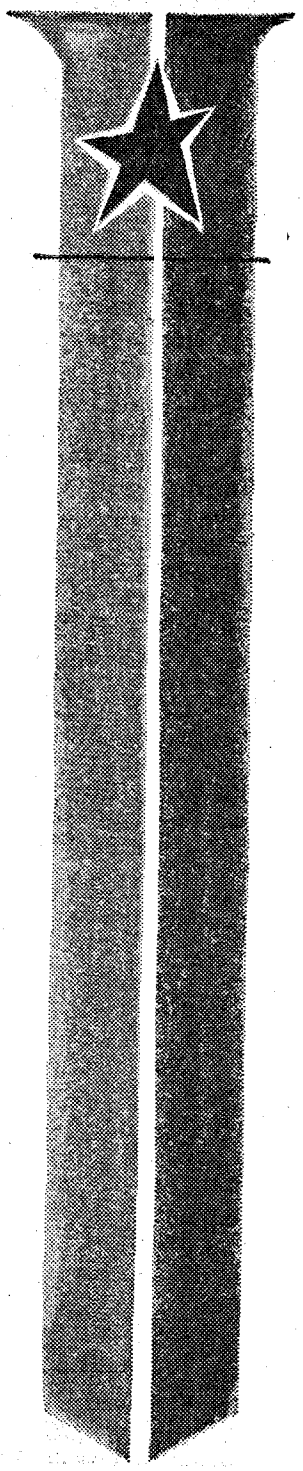

What We Know About
FALLOUT

John M. Fowler and Ralph Caplan

REMBRANDT and the BANKERS

Lincoln Kirstein

Artful Packaging

THE GIANT NON-ECONOMY SIZE

John J. Lindsay

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
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LETTERS

Novel—or Poem?

Dear Sirs: Anyone having read Mitchell Goodman's first novel, *The End of It,* and having appreciated its unusual freshness, might be grateful for your reviewer's devoting most of his four-book review [*The Nation,* Nov. 18] to it—that is, until the reader realized that that space was spent in pure attack. Apparently for novels he likes, Seiden has little to say. When he reaches Goodman's book, however, his animus seems at last awakened.

He complains that the work is "not a novel at all. It is a long prose poem. . . ." (In his opening remarks, loftily occupied with *War and Peace* and the *Iliad,* he does describe the latter as "the first and greatest war novel"; to begin with, it seems, his notion of the novel is a deal more commodious than when he gets to Goodman. Or is it that having read the *Iliad* in prose translation, he forgets the somewhat relevant fact that it is a poem? Or is it that, not having turned his work into verse, Goodman has failed to write a novel?) Seiden never bothers to tell us what a novel is; no doubt that is as obvious to us all as the *Iliad's* essential novelhood. Instead, he singles out two episodes for scalpeling. He says of the book's climax: "The slaughter of the innocents is pap to satisfy the corrupt taste of novel readers. . . ." Yet he can then wax enthusiastic over an "electrifying speech" of one General Batchelor. "For three or four pages the novel is alive. Startlingly so. It is odd. This is a gentle book. . . .

"But the General's speech is sandpaper, filth and maniacal American baroque rhetoric."

What is wrong here, aside from disharmony, apparently is that Goodman borrowed "almost verbatim . . . an infamous Patton speech" from Dwight Macdonald. Now a reasonable reading of the book ought to make it plain that Goodman has with impressive imaginative skill drawn on all kinds of documentary material. This Seiden never sees or at least never mentions. Even more curious is his need "to make an invidious comparison between Patton's brilliantly scabrous prose . . . and Goodman's which seems limp and pale [indeed!] in the company it keeps so briefly." Would Seiden really want the book to consist of the garbled, almost inchoate, obscenities of the General's tirade? Clearly he wishes the book were written by a Mickey Spillane (since generals, alas, rarely pause to write novels).

But perhaps we are being too generous in the first place to someone who seems to regret that "Homer devotes hundreds of lines to the cinematic [just as the *Iliad* was a novel because novels had not yet appeared to establish the sacred limits of the novel, so it is cinematic for the still-to-be-invented movies!] purpose of capturing war as war . . . but this we either admire for its descriptive power or pass over impatiently as filling and backing." Since the *Iliad's* being a poem is irrelevant, those hundreds of lines must also be thought of as irrelevant. As must be Mr. Seiden's review.

THEODORE WEISS
Dept. of Humanities, M.I.T.
Cambridge, Mass.

A Bad Statistic . . .

Dear Sirs: Roger Hagan ["When the Holocaust Comes," Nov. 4 issue] says that everything combustible over a 5,000-square-mile area would be set afire by a 10-megaton bomb at 30 miles altitude.

I've just looked into this. His area works out to a circle of 40 miles radius, but according to the *Effects of Nuclear Weapons,* if paper, cardboard, etc., were under the bomb—at "ground zero"—they would not be set afire. The heat is about 5 calories per square centimeter. Going outward, of course, the heat is less. It takes over 25 calories per square centimeter to cause a wood frame house to burn; it will char at that heat, but not sustain the fire very long. So, I think Mr. Hagan is a little dishonest or incompetent; when he tells me that the people don't understand, I wonder how he does and how he gets his figures.

However, the individual's problem is the same. Assuming the Russians are stable, he must cope with the death-driven leaders of the United States. Since Mr. Hagan distrusts them so much, and is clearly a master of arithmetic, I think he should dig a shelter, just to be protected from our dangerous government. ROBERT L. BERKOWITZ
Boston, Mass.

. . . And Some Explanations

Dear Sirs: The figure in question appears on page 12 of *Community of Fear,* written by Harrison Brown and James Real. I have questioned Dr. Brown on this; his answer appears below.

Mr. Berkowitz's final lines reveal a misunderstanding curious for someone with his acumen. Nowhere did I suggest that the Russians are stable, and in fact the burden of my article was to say that since CD isn't much *real* good anyway (not even in an *American* war) and its only likely effect is to make a jumpy Russian leadership all the jumpier and attack the more likely, why get into it and involve ourselves in the fantastic moral and social upheaval that will accompany it? If it

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

A Return to Sanity

For almost fifteen years, now, the threat of nuclear war has hung over mankind, and only a few intellectuals have questioned its necessity or assailed its basic immorality. The mass of ordinary men has accepted the nuclear-arms race as helplessly as their ancestors accepted the plague. In the United States where, with the kindly assistance of the mass media, everyone is hep to everything, there was no sign of popular revulsion from the coming catastrophe; "holocaust" became just another vogue-word which had no more emotional impact than a preposition. Apathy was the prevailing mood. Apathy was not only a refuge from intolerable horror of the future, but it was safe and respectable in the present. If you were apathetic, kept your mouth shut, and went about your business, no one could accuse you of being a red or a "comsymp" or an egghead. Above all, you had to beware of "peace," which had been made into an anti-vogue word; that could damn you faster than anything else.

Suddenly, by one of the perennial surprises of politics, everything is changed. Silence has given way to discussion, peace has become mentionable in public, the sleepers awaken. The shelter issue has brought us face to face with reality. It forces the ordinary citizen to make decisions, and to make decisions he is forced to think. But what is even more important, he is forced to feel. He never really faced the possibility that he, his family, everything might go up in a sheet of roaring flame; or that, if he survived, he might wish he were dead. He never faced the fact that it was not Russians he might have to shoot, but Americans who tried to invade the shelter he was urged to build. He never faced the fact that starvation, pestilence, cannibalism might be the lot of those who were left alive after a nuclear war. He assumed that officialdom knew what to do and was doing it, but the shelter controversy brought home to him the fact that, right up to the President himself, no one made any sense. The practical problems of nuclear war were just too much for anyone and everyone.

"Public reaction to civil-defense proposals," Prof. Kenneth C. Knowlton of M.I.T. writes in the *Christian Science Monitor,* "may spell the beginning of the end, or the beginning of hope for a constructive approach to removing the threat of nuclear war." He points out that the entire civil-defense program is self-defeating in that any preparations that are made will be overwhelmed by larger nuclear bombs and new monstrosities, such as long-lived radiological poisons and chemical and biological weapons. "As individuals and as a nation," says Professor Knowlton, "we must put our entire effort and enthusiasm into preserving the peace instead of attempting to survive a nuclear war." And at the other end of the country Lewis Mumford, Visiting Professor of Political Science at the University of California, urges the government to announce to the world that "our chief enemy is not Soviet Russia or China or communism, but the nuclear weapons that the Kremlin and the Pentagon threaten each other's country with, and thereby threaten the existence and the continuity of our whole civilization."

For fifteen years such voices have been stifled. Now they will be heard.

The Toboggan

Our protégé in South Vietnam, President Ngo Dinh Diem, appears to be on the skids—and knows it. Three seemingly disparate items in the news are indicative.

In the *Providence Journal* (November 26), Col. Elisha O. Peckham, professor of military science and tactics at the University of Rhode Island, throws some light on the situation in South Vietnam. Colonel Peckham is no irresponsible theorist; he was a senior military adviser to the First Vietnamese Army Corps. Communist attacks of battalion size or greater would be badly defeated, Colonel Peckham says, but that is not the problem. In the trouble spots, rebellious peasants work in the rice paddies by day and pick up a cache of arms at night. The chief danger is political, and it comes from within. The much publicized Ho Chi Minh Trail over the 17th Parallel "is nothing more than a series of paths connecting villages in the mountainous country," says the Colonel. But the fact that foreign invasion is a minor element still leaves local officials in constant jeopardy. "It actually boils down to the fact that a village mayor in the troubled spots doesn't know what night his throat might be cut," Colonel Peckham told

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the *Journal* reporter. What Diem faces, then, is an insurrection, which is a good deal harder to handle than attacks from the outside.

The second item is from *The Washington Post* (November 24). Vu Van Thai, a Vietnamese now in Washington, was one of Ngo Dinh Diem's highest officials: Director General of the Budget and Foreign Aid from 1957 to last September. He resigned and managed to get out of the country with his family. "If the United States really is to help save South Vietnam," Thai says, "it must tell President Ngo Dinh Diem: 'No more arbitrary arrests. Aid will be cut the moment the essential rights of an individual are not respected.'" Thai left because, he says, he had become a personal servant of Diem's. "There is no longer any touch with the people. For the Vietnamese, he has become another foreign ruler, like the French before him." Thai's is only one of many resignations; the difference is that he was able to leave the country.

Diem seems to have lost his head. According to Robert Trumbull (*The New York Times*, November 26), the Diem-controlled South Vietnamese press is now headlining: "Republic of Vietnam Is Not a Guinea Pig for Capitalist Imperialism—Is It Not Time to Revise Vietnamese-American Collaboration?" The aim of the United States, the article declares, is to gain profits under the "exploitation policy of the capitalist imperialists." Is this *Pravda* speaking, or the *Saigon Thoi Bao*? "The day American aid is cut off," says Thai, "Diem will be overthrown by his own people."

The Senator on the Spot

Chief apologist in Congress for the secessionist Katanga regime has been Senator Thomas J. Dodd (D., Conn.), who insists that the United Nations has no business helping Leopoldville impose its authority over that stalwart anti-Communist, Moise Tshombe. Furthermore, Mr. Dodd has pointed out, Mr. Tshombe is the only Congolese leader capable of maintaining law and order in any part of the Congo, and to put him out of business would be to turn that unhappy land—and, presumably, its fabulously rich, internationally owned copper mines—over to chaos and communism. The Senator has made several speeches to this effect on the Senate floor. Free Katanga, Mr. Tshombe's propaganda office in Washington, was so delighted that it reprinted the speeches in a pamphlet to which it gave wide distribution.

But Mr. Dodd is not one to pronounce conclusions without checking on the facts, even if the checking is done ex post facto. Recently, then, he set out to tour the Congo to see at first hand what he had already written about so extensively at second and third. Last week he was in Elisabethville, Tshombe's provincial capital, where, after a reception at the U.S. consulate, he and his wife went on to attend a dinner given in his honor by the local representative of an American oil company. The Senator arrived for the dinner just in time to witness the law and order that prevails in Mr. Tshombe's domain. He found Katangese paracommandos, who apparently have as little use for the U.N. as Mr. Dodd himself, in the act of beating up and kidnaping George Ivan Smith, chief U.N. representative in Katanga, and Brian Urquhart, a special U.N. representative. Mr. Smith was saved by the courageous intervention of Louis Hoffacker, U.S. consular official, in whose car the Dodds were riding; Urquhart was whisked away by Tshombe's "law and order" troops. Only after the direst threats were made by U.N. officials in the city was Urquhart finally freed — and brought to the hospital with a broken nose, broken ribs, a broken bone in his hand and severe bruises all over his body. Smith was fortunate: he suffered only a broken rib and an injured hand and leg.

Senator Dodd's education was not yet complete, however. A few hours later, the body of an Indian U.N. soldier was found in the bush; he had been shot in the back at close range. A U.N. major, also an Indian, who had been accompanying the soldier, was reported missing. According to U.N. sources in New York, the two had been part of a patrol sent to search for Mr. Urquhart.

U Thant, U.N. Secretary General, has sent a cable to Elisabethville, demanding that the Katangese order "severe punishment" for those who perpetrated the outrages. As for Senator Dodd, he is "reported" to have said that the incidents had made him "change his mind" about the situation in Katanga. The "reported" sounds ambiguous; the Senator could easily resolve all doubts about his reaction by a public statement.

Help from the Right

In the romantic surroundings of the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles, Rear Admiral Chester Ward (USN, Ret.) addressed reporters in connection with "Project Alert." He accused White House advisers of shifting national policy "from a priority on freedom to a priority on peace." Three such men in key spots, according to Admiral Ward, are McGeorge Bundy, Jerome Wiesner and Walt W. Rostow. In opposing "priority on peace," Admiral Ward indicated that he was not in favor of a preventive war—oh no!—but if it were called a "pre-emptive strike," that would be all right with him. "I believe," he said, "that the side will win which uses the most effective weapons and uses them first."

Later, 800 Angelenos sat down to the Project Alert lunch to be alerted by Dr. Robert B. Morris, now president of the University of Dallas, and Admiral Felix B. Stump (USN, Ret.). Admiral Stump brought cheers from the audience when he declared that the United

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States should "kick the U.N. and its thousands of spies out of New York" if Red China were admitted to the world organization. Dr. Morris referred to Soviet agents who, he said, exist not only in the U.N., but in our own government, his years as counsel to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee apparently having had little effect on this deplorable situation. U.N. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson, he charged, wants the U.N. army to be stronger than America's.

Then came a real surprise. Dr. Morris declared that Paul H. Nitze, Assistant Secretary of Defense, wishes to turn the Strategic Air Command over to NATO and eventually to the U.N. This revelation must have caused digestive troubles among many of the luncheon guests.

President Kennedy may welcome these alarums, rather than be himself alarmed. It has often been said that an American President lacks freedom of maneuver because, instead of the classic division of Right, Center and Left, the United States has only a Center and a Right. But if the Right becomes frenetic enough, it tends to restore the classic equilibrium. It creates a counterpart which, in optics, would be called a virtual image. There is still no Left in the sense of an active political force, but, recoiling from the lunacies of the Right, the Center moves somewhat to the Left. There is a little more freedom of maneuver, and a little more sanity. It is not so intended, but that is how it works.

Blonde Block-Busters

For their annual get-togethers, the defense industry abjures the word "convention" in favor of "technical meeting," a phrase which better serves the public image that these dedicated guardians of the country's security so assiduously seek to maintain. But let it not be thought that, in their preoccupation with the problems of national survival, the industry forgets that the main purpose of a "technical meeting" is to sell products; and for this purpose, it has discovered, old-fashioned ways are the best. A recent editorial in *Missiles and Rockets,* entitled "Blondes, Booze and Bashes," refers to the proliferating chain of meetings as the "scotch and bourbon circuit," and goes on to quote a visitor to one of them who thus evaluates the role that the blondes play in the perfection of our technical capabilities: "The platinum blonde female who has no knowledge of the products beyond the canned speech, and who monopolizes the time and attention of the visitors, adds little to the product presentation." So much for the blondes. As for the booze and the bashes, the editorial sums up the latest gathering of the Air Force Association: "Industry prestige at AFA, meanwhile, was enhanced by one fist fight and the drunken antics of several Air Force generals, corporate presidents and vice presidents and, alas, members of the press."

There are, of course, technical papers delivered at these festive gatherings, a fact which goes some way, though not very far, to justify calling them technical meetings. Generally these serious activities are scheduled for the morning hours; and at 8 or 9 A.M. the reporters have been generally sober enough to note—again according to the editorial—that "the same thinly disguised papers are presented again and again" along the circuit. After citing an estimate by Dr. William H. Pickering, the incoming president of the American Rocket Society, that the industry spends $100 million annually—$50 million in direct costs and "at least" an equal amount in indirect costs—to attend technical society meetings, the editorial concludes: "Fewer meetings, more worthwhile papers, more useful exhibits, less booze and fewer extravagant parties would do much to enhance not only the industry's image before Congress and the public, but its technical progress." A modest conclusion, but sound for all that.

WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT FALLOUT

. . . by John M. Fowler and Ralph Caplan

A PROFESSOR of psychiatry at the University of Southern California recently isolated a new aspect of mental illness: fallout worry. "Usually," Dr. Isidore Ziferstein explained, according to the *Los Angeles Times,* "the psychiatrist is able to analyze a worry, trace it to an earlier unresolved conflict, and help the patient to overcome the anxiety. But with nuclear anxiety we are forced to realize that much of it is realistic. . . . It is the fear of the unknown and the realization that even the radiation authorities are confused about the exact hazard of low-level radiation that will inevitably lead us to a period of superstition like that of the Middle Ages, when people feared evil spirits because they could not see them."

While psychiatry worried about what fallout could do to the psyche, the Scientists' Committee for Radiation Information worried about what

JOHN M. FOWLER, associate professor of physics at Washington University, edited Fallout: A Study of Superbombs, Strontium-90 and Survival *(Basic Books, 1960); RALPH CAPLAN is editor of* Industrial Design.

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a bomb might do to a typical target area, estimating that a 20-megaton thermonuclear bomb exploded at Manhattan's Columbus Circle would kill five to six million New Yorkers within the first few days, and might inundate a 4,000-square-mile area with fallout.

The fact is, of course, that much vaster areas are already at least *exposed* to fallout, and both the area and the density of the fallout would increase with the resumption of atmospheric testing by the United States. No one really knows all about the dangers of low doses of radiation, but since, as Dr. Ziferstein seems to be saying, ignorance has thus far been anything but blissful, it is worth examining what we do know. In this case, it is possible for any concerned citizen to know almost as much about the hazards as scientists do.

In spite of all the advertising claims for "clean" bombs, the common denominator of all nuclear-weapons testing so far has been radioactive debris that sifts down where we live and becomes part of us. Since the hydrogen-bomb testing of 1954, scientists have tried desperately to appraise the consequences of this debris. The quiet years of 1959 and 1960 made it possible to study fallout in something like the atmosphere necessary to understanding it, and we now have a fair knowledge of how much of it resulted from early tests, of its global distribution, and of what determines the speed at which it is swept from the stratosphere. And we are able to appraise its potential danger a little more accurately than we could two years ago.

WHAT WE CAN learn about the heavy Russian testing that began in September (heralded by the small French tests in the Sahara) must be understood in the context of what we know about fallout itself. When a nuclear explosion takes place, matter disappears and is converted into energy. The conversion occurs either when a very heavy nucleus is split, or when two light nuclei are joined. The first—fission—provides the explosive force for an atom bomb; the second—fusion—powers the hydrogen bomb. Although the fusion process produces copious neutrons, it produces little in the way of dangerous radioactive products. But in the fission process, the shattered remains of the uranium nucleus are unstable, and seek to come back into the configuration of ordinary non-radioactive elements by nuclear rearrangements involving the emission of energetic radiations, or high-speed particles. In the fireball of the atom bomb, some 200 different kinds of radioactive elements are formed, ranging in radioactive lifetime from less than a second to thousands of years. In a nuclear war, these would constitute the deadly fallout which would sweep life before it for hundreds of miles downwind from a bomb burst. But when we study the effects of nuclear *testing*, their short lifetimes eliminate most of these elements from our concern, and we can focus on the few that live long enough to reach us.

In about 5 per cent of the fission events, strontium—a chemical element closely related to calcium—is formed in a way which leaves it radioactive. The short-range beta particles it emits are relatively harmless when they attack the body from the outside, but seriously dangerous inside. At about the same rate, radioactive cesium is formed, emitting gamma rays whose high penetrating power makes them dangerous from both without and within.

The "lifetime" of such material is measured in terms of their "half-life" —the time it takes for one-half of the original amount to disappear. This is a useful guide to the relative danger of particular radioactive species. If their activity is short-lived, their effectiveness can be reduced by keeping bomb debris out of the biosphere for as long as possible. And if their half-life is very much longer than our own, that reduces the probability of their decaying inside us in our lifetime and dangerously irradiating our tissues. The difficult debris to avoid is that with an intermediate lifetime. Strontium and cesium, in their radioactive form, have a half-life of thirty years each —something like our own.

Besides the *physical* lifetime, there is the *biological* lifetime to consider. A biological half-life is the time it takes for one-half of a radioactive contaminant to be eliminated from our systems. Strontium-90 — one of the radioactive forms of strontium that appear in a fission explosion — has an extremely long biological half-life because, like calcium, it gets into our bones. Cesium is less of a hazard. Like potassium, which it resembles, it stays in our system only about 140 days.

HOW MUCH fission residue are we exposed to? What kind is it? And what damage can it do? Radiation is measured in two ways. Its strength is calculated in "curies." One curie (which is what a gram of radium measures) of a radioactive material emits 37 billion particles per second. When these particles pass through matter, living tissue included, some of their energy is lost in passage and causes chemical changes. This energy deposition is the second measure of radiation, and is expressed in "roentgens." Very little energy need be involved. A little exposure goes a long way when it is exposure to penetrating radiation: although a gram of tissue could absorb 500 roentgens without a rise in temperature of so much as 2/1,000 of a degree Fahrenheit, the same amount of radiation delivered to the whole body in one dose would have an even chance of killing it.

The danger of radiation varies not only with the power of the particles, but with the part of the body exposed. Damage is either somatic (which hurts us); or genetic (which will hurt succeeding generations). When a single living cell is irradiated, it is either damaged or killed. If enough cells are killed, the organ they belong to dies; and if enough— or certain—organs die, the organism dies.

Doses of hundreds of roentgens can cause such death, but the much lower doses that result from test fallout are more likely to result in cell damage than in cell death. In a way we do not wholly understand, cell damage can lead to cancer or leukemia. With reproductive cells, the damage may reach farther, for in these cells is stored man's genetic memory. Radiation can upset this memory, so that reproduction leads to a mutation. And that radiation exposure can aslo cause a general shortening of life is sadly well documented.

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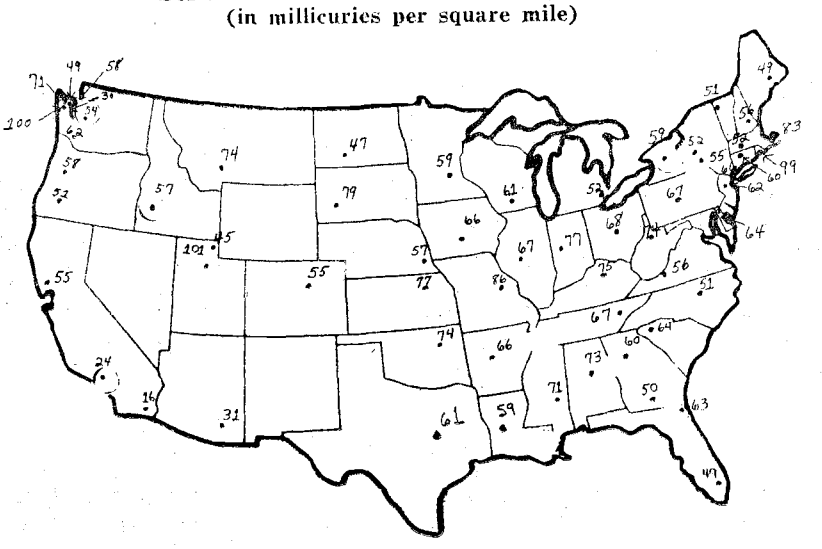
To see how much damage we are doing to ourselves, we must see how much we are contaminating the biosphere. Since testing began in the middle forties, we have released fission residue at an accelerating rate. From 1946 to 1951, the United States and the Soviet Union tested bombs at the rate of about 100 kilotons (a kiloton is equal to 1,000 tons of TNT) per year. By 1954, the rate had increased to 20,000 kilotons per year. In 1955 and 1956, the testing rate dropped slightly to 14,000 kilotons per year; but in 1957 and 1958 weapons were tested at an annual rate of more than 40,000 kilotons. This year the Russians have already set off more than 100,000 kilotons. Despite all the talk about clean bombs, the *average* bomb has been half-fission (dirty) and half-fusion (clean). The bomb testing prior to this year has released about 92 million tons of fission energy.

WHERE HAS the debris gone? To say for sure, we would need to know the altitude at which the bombs were exploded, the time of year of the testing, and the latitude. But, generally, smaller bombs exploded at the earth's surface contribute most of their debris to the lower atmosphere, or troposphere. Since this is where weather is formed, they lay their fallout products very quickly in a latitude band determined by the prevailing winds.

The products of large bombs and of higher explosions are pushed up into the stratosphere, where they stay a lot longer, and their distribution depends pretty much on the latitude of the explosion and the time of year. Russian tests made in the fall at far northern latitudes deposit their debris in the spring, and concentrate it in the mid-North Temperate Zone. Debris from U.S. tests made near the equator stays in the stratosphere longer; these tests leave some debris in the Southern Hemisphere, but seem also to peak at mid-Temperate Zone latitudes.

How do we know? A global network of soil-sampling stations provides a running account of strontium-90 build-up; and balloons and U-2 planes sample the stratospheric reservoir. Through the end of 1960, the accounts from this bookkeeping

Strontium-90 in U.S. Soil, 1959
(in millicuries per square mile)



balanced. Tests through the fall of 1958 had produced about 9.2 megacuries (the prefix means million) of strontium-90. Perhaps as much as 3 megacuries of this fell out at the testing site, leaving 6 to be spread around the globe. By mid-1959, the natural decay of radioactivity had caused the 6 megacuries to drop to about 5. Soil measurements indicated that some 4 megacuries were already on the earth's surface; air sampling revealed that between 1 and 1.5 remained in the air. All this has settled out by now.

We can translate these figures into terms of local soil radioactivity, then into terms of diet—the major item being milk—and then into terms of the levels of strontium-90 in the bone. In this country, the Midwest generally showed the most soil radioactivity, while the northern part of the country showed more than the South (see map). The chart (p. 466) shows the annual increase of strontium-90 in human bones (based on measurements made by the Lamont Geophysics Laboratories).

The problem in estimating strontium-90 concentration in bone is the difficulty of getting samples that are both numerically and geographically adequate. For three years there has been an interesting project under way in St. Louis. Because of the relationship between teeth and bone, it is possible to learn about one by examining the other. To this end, large numbers (more than 50,000 so far) of deciduous teeth are collected from children (in exchange they receive badges reading, "I gave my tooth to Science") and studied for fallout content.

THE TWO test-free years of 1959-1960 gave us a chance to study fallout effects, but that scientific breather ended in September. As of November 6, thirty-one Russian tests have been recorded this fall, with an estimated megatonage of well over 100. Since, on the basis of past tests, we can assume that about one-half of this explosive energy was released by fission, we can expect about four additional megacuries of strontium-90 to have been added to the stratosphere.

The Russian testing was larger in megatonage than any other series. Because it took place in the northern latitudes, the deposition will be maximized at the mid-latitude of the United States. The rains will bring down large amounts of both strontium-90 and cesium-137. Plants will take this into their leaves directly, and absorb some of it through their roots. Since cows will come out to feed on this in the spring pastures, we can expect our milk levels of strontium-90 to reach new and disturbing heights. More than half of the strontium-90 in milk seems to have come from the soil, or at least not to be directly dependent on fallout rate; for in 1960—a year when the rate had diminished almost to nothing—milk in New York City still averaged 8 strontium units (this

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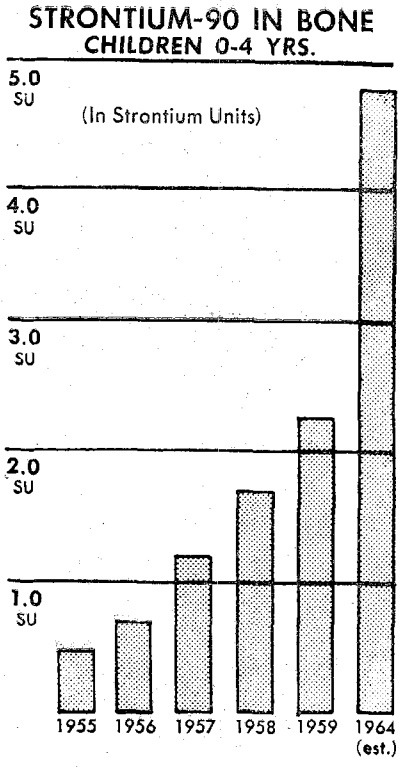

unit is the measure of strontium contamination), as compared with 11 strontium units in high-rate 1959. Sometime during next April, May or June, milk levels in New York will rise to at least 30, and probably more than 40, strontium units, and we can expect a 1962 average of nearly 15.

Bone levels in 1962 will of course follow the milk levels, most dramatically in very small children in whom calcium will be laid down during the year. Because of the technical difficulties in making bone measurements, the most recent figures available are for 1959, when the average burden in the bones of children up to four years of age was 2½ strontium units. This probably increased to nearly 3 in 1960, then fell off somewhat in 1961. Our expectation that the radioactive strontium content of milk will increase by 50 per cent in 1962 leads us to estimate that, by 1963 or 1964, fallout will send the average levels in children's bones up to 4.5 or 5.0.

WHAT DO these numbers mean? Frankly, not much—not, at least, until we have a context for them. We can try to achieve the perspective we need by searching for the minimum level at which radiation has caused damage, and establishing this as a maximum permissible level; or by investigating the radiation to which man is always exposed—from soil, rocks, cosmic rays and X-ray machines—and establishing a minimum of unavoidable exposure.

But a "permissible" limit is extremely difficult to set. Most of our measurable experience with radiation has been at high levels, and to make any statistically valid study of low-level experience we would need unreasonably large numbers of experimental animals—fruit flies, mice or men. It seems more and more likely that there is *no* permissible limit, that any amount of radiation carries with it *some* real probability of genetic damage, cancer, leukemia or life-shortening. In any case, until safety levels can be set, the wisest course is to assume that there are none. This is the attitude of the Federal Radiation Council, officially charged with setting safety standards. The council has established what it calls Radiation Protection Guides (RPG), defined as "the radiation dose which should not be exceeded without careful consideration of the reasons for doing so." The council warns that "every effort should be made to encourage maintenance of radiation doses as far below this guide as practical."

The RPG for strontium-90 is 200 micromicrocuries per gram of calcium—200 strontium units in the daily diet, an intake that would be expected to supply some 50 strontium units per gram of calcium in the bone. The addition of the 1961 Soviet testing will probably bring the average population to one-tenth of the 50-strontium-unit danger point.

But our concern cannot stop with the average, for there are those who —for biological reasons—will take up more than the average amount of strontium-90. And there are parts of the country where the diet levels will be above average in strontium-90 content. Data on this makes it reasonable to estimate that as much as 1 per cent of the population will exceed five times the average, and that significant numbers will exceed ten times the average. Thus the end of the latest testing period will find some people carrying in their bones strontium-90 equal to or exceeding the RPG.

It is hard to measure this damage numerically. Biophysicist Walter R. Guild, writing in *Fallout* (Basic Books, 1960), estimates that for each strontium unit in the bone, there will be from two to six cases of leukemia per year per 100 million people. On this basis, the latest series of tests has caused an increase of 3 to 9 cases of leukemia for each 100 million of the population per year. With our population of 175 million, then, we can expect from 150 to 500 consequent deaths.

Although it is just as hard to estimate genetic damage, it is much more certain that such damage will result. For while there is some possibility of a threshold below which leukemia and bone cancer do not occur, no one suggests that there is such a threshold for genetic effects. Every increase in radioactive exposure does some harm to our genetic pool. Geneticist James Crow, in *Fallout*, suggests a world-wide total of 20,000 mutations as the probable result of tests through 1958. The Russian fallout alone should almost double this number.

It is, of course, possible that these mutations will be more, rather than less, virile—better adapted to living. But that a random shuffling of characteristics will produce improvements in the long-evolved and very complicated human reproductive system is considered very unlikely by those who understand either genetics or gambling odds.

THE STEADY Russian cannonading—in effect like a colossal stream of firecrackers—presented as dangers for the first time some of the short-lived activities. The debris-laden clouds, some of them reaching us in less than a week, were rich in radioactive species that had long since disappeared from fallout making its slower way through the stratosphere.

One such material that appeared this fall was iodine-131, a radioactive form of iodine that becomes concentrated in the thyroid, and is dangerous to the sensitive thyroids of young children. It was produced in large quantities but, since it has a half-life of only eight days, it is of danger only during test periods. Luckily for Americans, most of the Soviet bomb debris passed north of us in its first swing around the

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globe; but clouds from the September 18 and September 22 tests did deposit significant amounts of iodine-131 on American soil, and high levels of it appeared in milk across the country. In St. Louis, for example, the milk level on September 27 was 500 micromicrocuries, well within a range of which the Federal Radiation Council has said: "Any intake within this range must be evaluated from the point of view of the radiation protection guide and, if necessary, appropriate positive control measures instituted."

The United States would have been exposed to much higher levels from the Soviet tests were it not for the fortunate coincidence of wind patterns and Russian testing practices. Since the two large Russian tests were at high altitudes, the iodine-131 will have decayed before returning to earth. Present levels here are below the range of concern.

Every megaton of fission creates about 100 pounds of radioactive debris. Even though 20 or 30 per cent of the Soviet fission products came quickly back to earth, there is still a lot of Russia up there—perhaps two tons of her. The winds are diffusing this through the statosphere, 50,000 to 100,000 feet above the earth, and driving it slowly southward. In the spring, the cold air masses from the stratosphere settle out in the North Temperate Zone, and for the past ten years these settling air masses have carried with them quantities of radioactive debris. That is why April may in fact be the cruelest month: next spring will bring down the heaviest fallout we have ever known.

RAPID READING: Uses and Abuses . . *by Arthur Heilman*

IN RECENT months, the United States has witnessed a tremendous growth of interest in fallout shelters —and in rapid reading. These two twentieth-century phenomena are likely to go down in history as unrelated unless some historian, or Republican speech writer, can demonstrate that both are the offspring, in an oblique way, of the Kennedy Administration. Some evidence of non-relationship of the two was recently provided at a state fair in a Southwestern state. Fifteen different firms displayed fallout shelters, not one of which had provided a nook for a book.

A number of the population rejoiced when it was learned that President Kennedy was an avid, omnivorous reader; but among the literate, at least, the joy was tempered when it was further learned that he read some things *rapidly*. This tended to tarnish the image. The purpose here is not to defend Mr. Kennedy's reading habits, but to attempt to deal with the considerable confusion that exists today concerning the efficacy of teaching, or learning, rapid-reading techniques.

Reading is a developmental skill not mastered all at once or once and for all; nevertheless, deliberate and systematic instruction in reading usually ceases in our schools at about the sixth-grade level. Beyond this level, people may read a great deal, but few deliberately practice on improving their reading skills. Each time they read, they tend to reinforce whatever inadequate reading habits they may have. There is no question but that a majority of adults could, with practice, improve their performance in a number of important reading skills and by so doing improve their over-all reading efficiency.

Educators at the college level have long been aware of the fact that many students, who otherwise have the ability to do college work, fail because of inefficient reading habits. A surprisingly large number of universities now maintain reading-improvement courses (which may or may not carry academic credit). The courses are not for students who cannot read, but to supply guidance and practice for students whose reading ability is not commensurate with the demands of the college curriculum. An extremely slow rate of reading is one of the problems found most frequently among inadequate readers. Much of the same pattern is found both in industry and the military, where reading improvement courses have been added to established training programs. Improving the reading rate is a prominent feature of these programs.

Many universities, such as Harvard, Iowa, Purdue and others developed "reading films" for high school and college use. These films presented passages of text broken into phrases in order to help students overcome the habit of reading word by word. The technique was psychologically sound *for the limited purposes for which it was designed*. Other mechanized "pacing devices" soon followed, including the Reading Rate Accelerator, Rateometer, Keystone Tachistoscope, Shadowscope, Perceptascope and many others. A common claim for these machines was that through their use the reader could improve his rate of reading; moreover, it was alleged that the machines had a certain motivational value. While there is little reason to doubt these statements, they have only limited virtue at best. The reader's attention is focused on the *machine*, rather than on the intricate, total reading process.

As the public became more interested in the improvement of adult reading, various "packaged" reading programs appeared. Recently the Book of the Month Club launched an extensive campaign of solicitation by mail for the Columbia University Study Program in Rapid Reading. An integral part of the program and of the sales appeal are two rate-orientated devices, the Reading Pacer and the Reading Timer. The former is a mechanical pacing bar which, as it descends the page, drives the

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reader ahead—or, if he prefers, he may *follow* the bar (somewhat like the greyhound pursuing the mechanical rabbit).

The claims made in behalf of this program are not at all extreme. However, a few tricky slogans are invoked. The brochure opens with a large heading, "Reading Maketh A Full Man," which sets a proper tone of respect for reading as an intellectual process. Four headings later, one finds "Rapid Readers Are Retentive Readers," and here the text points out that comprehension by fast readers is conspicuously higher than by slow readers. It is likely that a large number of people will conclude that rapid reading is the *causal* factor in better comprehension. This, of course, is not stated, but neither is the reader warned not to step into this gopher hole.

The Better Reading Program Inc., producers of a reading kit, explain their product in five separate sheets and brochures enclosed in a single envelope. The most dramatic of these missives is a reprint of an article from a Chicago newspaper which states that "President Kennedy attended a few classes in special reading about 1954 or 1955 and then, having picked up the idea, continued to practice speed in reading." The outstanding feature of the kit is a cardboard device which has a slit cut in it in which one can expose three- or four-word phrases as rapidly as one's hand and eye can function.

OVER the years, speed-reading has developed into a free-enterprise bonanza. Some of the materials offered by so-called "educational practitioners" are no more useful or dangerous than the placebo prescribed by obliging medicine men. Others are not so benign. A common feature of all seems to be some gadget for achieving speed reading. These include devices which are motor-driven, spring-operated, gravity-pulled, thumb-catch released, projected and non-projected. Since none of the devices or "reading kits" successfully deals with the total reading process, the advertising copy heralding these technological "breakthroughs" tended to picture speed-reading as a universal goal and a universal good. Extravagant claims in behalf of the gadgets or kits flooded the mail of everyone who had an address. The federal government, through postal subsidies, has helped to finance these advertising campaigns, thus providing an excellent example of Congressional indifference to federal aid to non-education.

It is undoubtedly true that some of the criticism of speed-reading is motivated by the exaggerated and ludicrous claims made by some gadget manufacturers. Such criticism is undoubtedly legitimate. But some critics have attempted to equate rapid reading, *in any situation,* with anti-intellectualism. This is a disservice to the sound theory that adults can use their eyes more efficiently in reading. Let us now turn to the case for rapid reading as one *facet* of efficient reading.

EFFICIENCY in reading is based on many factors. A rather common weakness found among adult readers is the tendency to read all materials at much the same rate. In some situations, this is obviously wasteful. A facile and efficient reader will have developed the ability to read different materials at vastly different rates. He will also utilize a "change of pace": some passages will be read rapidly and others slowly, according to the reader's background and purpose for reading. This ability to adjust one's reading rate to the terrain is referred to as *flexibility*.

The *rate* of reading is determined by two major factors: the ability of the mind to "make meaning" of the written symbols, and the ability of the eyes to get the raw data, or printed material, to the meaning center at the maximum rate at which it can be assimilated. Appreciably to change an individual's *capacity* for "making meaning" is a relatively slow evolutionary process. It is achieved by such things as expanding one's knowledge of word meanings or concepts, and by enlarging one's "background for understanding." Improving the efficiency at which the eyes function in reading is easier and, with practice, can be accomplished in a relatively short time. But here again there are limits that are determined primarily by the "meaning-making" process.

Adults, while reading, ordinarily do not use their eyes at a high level of efficiency. Part of the reason for this is that they have received little instruction in this phase of reading. Secondly, they reinforce their inefficient, slow, reading habits every time they read unless they deliberately try to change these habits.

To illustrate various levels of efficiency in handling printed symbols we will use one short sentence. In (1) below, the reader deals with each word as a unit; in (2) he combines some words into very short phrases; and in (3) deals with the entire sentence as one thought unit.

(1) Man/ is/ a/ thinking/ animal.
(2) Man is/ a thinking/ animal/.
(3) /Man is a thinking animal/.

Dealing with several word symbols as a single unit, selecting a series of words which comprise a "logical unit," and deliberately attempting to achieve more speed in dealing with phrases—these comprise the essence of rapid reading. Furthermore, it should be kept in mind that words in a sentence have different relative value in respect to how much of the total information they carry. The same is true of various sentences on a page. When a person puts equal stress on each word in a sentence, or on each sentence in a paragraph, he is devoting too much time to some units.

Reading is a type of work. Efficient reading means that one puts out energy in proportion to the task. If all the reading material that one ever had to read were of equal difficulty, then one should attack *all* reading situations in precisely the same manner. But, of course, this is not the case. The "difficulty level" of a given piece of material varies with the reader. The physicist who ordinarily reads rather slowly may read an article in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* much more rapidly than an intelligent layman who usually reads fairly rapidly. The reason for this is to be found in the readers' differing "background knowledge."

If reader A can read X material twice as fast as does reader B, he is the more efficient reader in this

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particular instance. It is circular reasoning to say, at this stage, "Maybe A isn't really reading." We apply the same definition of reading to both A and B, namely, that reading is "making meaning." If there is virtue in slow reading per se, it follows that there is a precise rate at which *all* readers should read (1) Shakespeare, (2) John Donne, (3) *The Dissents* of Justice Douglas. Since we know that differences among readers make this an untenable proposition, it becomes obvious that rate must be thought of as being relative.

This discussion is not intended to apply to reading for sheer pleasure. Most of us are unable to limit our reading to this category alone. When reading is for pleasure, or is primarily a creative-interpretive endeavor, rewards accrue to the reader from his intellectual interaction with the material he reads. The gadgeteers have attempted to equate the pleasure of reading with the *mechanical process* of rapid reading—"It's fun, like a game, entertaining and profitable." This, of course, is a totally unacceptable concept.

On the other hand, the reading process should not be interpreted as an inflexible set of habits. The efficient reader applies both intelligence and a wide array of skills to his reading. He has learned to decide when he *must* read slowly and when he *may* read rapidly—and he has developed the ability to do the latter.

A person seeking to be informed would not be better informed if he read *everything* at the slowest rate that he reads *anything*. The President of the United States, the college student, the professional man faces the same problem with his "required" reading: the time invested in reading does not yield a uniform rate of return. Often one must deal with a bushel of chaff to get a cupful of grain.

Thus, rapid reading may be a national-defense mechanism rather than a sign of decadence. Perhaps rapid reading was inevitable—an evolutionary process emerging at that moment in history when Parkinson's Law caught up with paper manufacturing and printing technology. The law as it applies here is: "When a society develops high productive capacity in paper manufacture and printing facilities, that society will find something to print on the paper." If we stopped printing drivel, the economy would be threatened. Drivel is never labeled as such; much of it is extremely well packaged. The only justification for non-rapid reading is never to find oneself in contact with material that *should* be read rapidly.

Rapid reading, like the fallout-shelter program, may simply be another symptom of American frustration. On the single criterion of literacy, we rank high among nations; but, among literate peoples, we have the dubious honor of being the least informed. Speed-reading may be a conscious or unconscious effort to achieve some degree of personal involvement in a world one never made and does not understand. If it turns out that rapid reading is accepted only as a tentative solution, a tool to be used where appropriate, the results may be primarily good. If for a great number of people rapid reading becomes a goal in itself, modern man will simply have become *more* obsolete.

Notes on the Khrushchev-Stalin Feud . . *by Priscilla Johnson*

FOR YEARS the city of Moscow has boasted two tourist attractions honoring the dead. The more famous, of course, was the huge granite mausoleum on Red Square. From all over the Union, Soviet citizens came flocking for a glimpse of Lenin and Stalin, the twin deities of communism. Even in the bitter chill of a December dawn, you could see the dark-clad crowds patiently waiting there, stomping and shuffling in the snow to keep warm.

In Novo-Devichy monastery, over on the other side of the Soviet capital, a very different kind of monument was attracting its throng as well. Nothing marks the grave of Nadezhda Alliluyeva, second wife of the late Josef Stalin, but a simple slab of white marble carved into a serene-looking bust, like that of a chaste Roman matron. Here by the grave of the woman who died, by her own hand or that of her husband, after a violent quarrel one fateful night in November, 1932, a small but steady stream of visitors pays tribute to the recollection that the wrath of Stalin spared no one, not even the woman who was closest to him and whom he mourned for the rest of his life.

Ever since February 25, 1956, the day Nikita Khrushchev delivered the bitter "secret" speech that is no longer a secret, these two burial places have been a reminder that two Stalins lay enshrined in Soviet hagiography: Stalin, the Hero of the Soviet Union, who forced Russia to suffer only in order that she might be great; and Stalin the Terrible, to whose vainglorious brutality millions of innocent women and men were needlessly sacrificed. From so grotesque a disfiguring of the historiographer's art even the credulous people of Russia had, one day, to be rescued.

To anyone familiar with the impetuous nature of Nikita Khrushchev and the disheveled prose of his February, 1956, speech, it seemed a fair guess that the downgrading of Josef Stalin was a matter close to Khrushchev's own heart. The question was when, and if, political circumstances ever would permit him to complete what he set out to do that portentous winter of 1956. After the autumn of 1959, when Khrushchev's carefully staged American "triumph" and the accompanying "Spirit of Camp David" made his

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place in Russian hearts more secure, there were signs that a new round of de-Stalinization might be at hand.

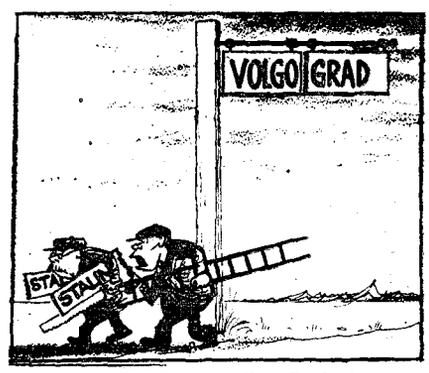
DURING two years in Moscow, I had often turned a deaf ear when Russians who claimed to know told me that Khrushchev's hatred of Stalin was nothing less than "pathological." I had been skeptical at rumors that Khrushchev and Marshal Georgy Zhukov had jointly prepared a second speech denouncing Stalin—a speech that never was delivered, but was said to have been circulated at closed Communist Party meetings prior to Zhukov's sudden downfall in October, 1957. Yet, when Stalin's eightieth birthday came around, on December 21, 1959, I began wondering whether there might not be some truth to the rumors after all. For only three spokesmen for the central press bothered to mention the birthday at all: the newspapers *Pravda* and *Sovetskaya Rossiya*, and the party theoretical journal, *Kommunist*. In substance, these editorials were no more critical of Stalin than the Central Committee's famous "Letter to Communists Abroad" of July 2, 1956, and the handful of encyclopedia articles on Stalin that had appeared after that date. Everything remarkable about the birthday editorials lay between the lines, and especially in the careful balancing of negative over positive achievements. The old man's eightieth birthday, it appeared, had been singled out only to damn him with faint praise.

When I turned to some non-party acquaintances for their interpretation of this strange anniversary observance, I found them arguing vigorously that a new bout of de-Stalinization must lie ahead. "The party fears the second fever," one of them told me, "although it won't be as bad as in 1956. After the second, the fevers will be less." (Khrushchev's 1956 attack on Stalin had been followed by uprisings in East Germany and Hungary, unrest in Poland and even disorientation among intellectuals inside the Soviet Union.) Carrying the medical analogy further, my friends compared the Communist Party with a doctor administering new doses of anti-Stalin serum so as to prepare the Soviet people for further exposure to the dead dictator's crimes.

My acquaintances' prediction seemed to be coming true a few months later, on April 17, 1960, when the newspaper *Sovetskaya Rossiya* (organ of the Russian Republic Bureau of the Communist Party, of which Khrushchev himself is chairman) returned to the attack on Stalin. During the same month, the legal journal *Soviet State and Law* carried an article criticizing Stalin for his violations of "Socialist legality." The article was written by Roman A. Rudenko, Prosecutor General of the USSR and an old Khrushchev colleague from the Ukraine.

Neither of these articles, however, caused as great a stir as the publication in *Pravda* on April 29 and May 1, 1960, of the concluding sections of *Distance Beyond Distance*, a poem by the well-known literary figure Alexander Tvardovsky. The appearance of the poem on May Day, one of the two big holidays of the Communist year, could only highlight its message: that Stalin was a remote and hateful tyrant who had brought Russia to the very edge of despair, and that the Soviet people now must grow up to greater political maturity than they had ever known before.

The significance of the poem's publication, however, was obscured by the events that followed with merciless rapidity throughout the rest of 1960: the U-2 affair, which broke almost immediately; the breakup of the Paris Summit two weeks afterward; the Sino-Soviet split at Bucharest in June; the Congo events of the summer; Khrushchev's U.N. appearance in September and October and, finally, the meeting of eighty-one Communist parties in Moscow in November. By April of this year, however, when Tvardovsky was awarded a Lenin Prize for the poem that had been published nearly a year before, it began to appear that things might again be stirring on the anti-Stalin front.



Tanner: Ben Roth Agency

"First its Tsaritsyn, then Stalingrad, now Volgograd! But it's a steady job."

CURIOUSLY, a key figure once again was Tvardovsky, who is better known in Moscow as the liberal-minded editor of its leading literary journal, *Novy Mir*, than for the verses that come from his pen. With his Lenin Prize laurels still fresh, Tvardovsky took the seemingly risky step last June of publishing the most damning attack on the Stalin era ever printed inside the Soviet Union.

The attack was innocently packaged in the form of a novella by Victor Nekrasov entitled *Kyra Georgiyevna*. Now in his mid-forties, Nekrasov is one of Russia's most popular and respected authors. His story centers around Kyra, a successful, forty-two-year-old sculptress who lives fashionably in Moscow, and Vadim Kudryavtsev, her former husband, who returns after a twenty-year exile in Siberia only to find that he no longer has anything in common with the people, and the life, he left behind. Nekrasov's message is simple: Soviet society under Stalin suffered a kind of pervasive dry rot. The only men and women who escaped its corruption were those who remained in prison. One by one, Nekrasov shows all the "successful" Soviet citizens in his story to be pitiable and lonely failures. The hope of personal integrity remains only for those who are too young to have experienced the Stalin years, and for those who will "talk, talk, talk, so that it can never happen again."

Prominent in both Nekrasov's novella and in the poem by Tvardovsky is a preoccupation with the "cult of the individual" and with the terror it wrought upon Russia. Striking, too, is the foreboding expressed in both works that "it can happen again"—a foreboding that is in direct contradiction to the assurances on which the Soviet people had been fed since 1956. Giving voice to this fear, Tvardovsky warns in *Distance Beyond Distance* that the Russian

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people are not averse to god-making. As a poet, he says, he refuses to help forge a new "cult" for them. Today, now that the Twenty-second Party Congress is over, it is clear that Tvardovsky's poem and, even more strikingly, Nekrasov's story, were like rocket flares in the night, signaling a shift in the party line on Stalinism.

YET how are we to explain Tvardovsky's and Nekrasov's unambiguously expressed opposition to any new "cult" of a new leader if we assume, as I think we must, that *Kyra Georgiyevna* and *Distance Beyond Distance* were published with the knowledge and probably the sanction of Nikita Khrushchev?

How are we to explain another strange, virtually unnoticed sequence of publishing events which immediately preceded the Twenty-second Party Congress? In September and October, during the very weeks when final preparations were under way for election of the new, strongly pro-Khrushchev Central Committee that has just been named, preliminary party congresses were held in fourteen of the fifteen Soviet union-republics, and formal accounts of the proceedings made public in *Pravda*. Of these reports, not one referred to Nikita Khrushchev by name more than twice. The report from Byelorussia failed to mention him at all. Every reference to Khrushchev was preceded by one of three ritual phrases as modest as they were unvarying. They were: "faithful Leninist," "First Secretary of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union," or, simply, "Comrade." Reports from territory party conferences prefaced each mention of the leader by a mere "with the advice of. . . ."

The explanation, I believe, is that Nikita Khrushchev himself is in the vanguard of those who oppose a new "cult of the individual." Here again I recall a report current in Moscow nearly two winters ago. At a closed plenary session of the party Central Committee in December, so some Russians insisted, Khrushchev himself had delivered a secret, five-hour speech opposing any "cult" of his own personality.

For Khrushchev, the reasons behind such a policy are obvious. He is, first of all, deeply committed personally, as well as politically, to pressing the attack on Stalin. Even today it is painful and humiliating for him to recall how the Stalin "cult" held Russia in thrall, and how it held the closest associates of the *"vozhd"* — including himself — helpless with terror. Yet in campaigning to put an end to the Stalin "cult" once and for all, his freedom of action could only be compromised if he were at the same time building up a "cult" of his own.

Yet the pressures on Khrushchev to consent to creation of a new "cult" are obvious. They come chiefly from those inside the Army, party and government apparatus who yearn for Stalinism without Stalin, for whom the "cult of the individual," with its accompanying terror and inertia, provides an easier way of ruling than Khrushchev's erratic unleashing of initiative from below and his constant keeping the bureaucracy on the *qui vive*. Partly as a tactic to combat this pressure for a "cult" of his own personality, therefore, and as a substitute for such a "cult" in rendering his political position inviolate, Mr. Khrushchev now has reopened his assault on the "anti-Party group."

THE GIANT NON-ECONOMY SIZE . . *by John J. Lindsay*

Washington

ONE OF THE MORE obscure virtues of a democratic society was revealed recently by Roy King, publisher of a food-trade magazine, in explaining why food manufacturers short-weight the American housewife with tricky packaging and labeling. Testifying before the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly subcommittee, Mr. King said:

> In a democracy, a citizen has an inalienable right to be different; and in this instance, the difference is the consumer's deviation from rationality as the foundation of her buying decisions.

It appears, according to Mr. King, that we are living in a "psycho-economic era," which apparently means that while the practice of putting out a "jumbo" size of cereal that may contain a third less cereal than a competitor's "regular" size may "appear deceptive to the layman [sic] . . . it is not." It isn't deceptive because the housewife gets, instead of cereal, "attractive packaging" and the rich experience gained from being the subject of an emotional appeal made to her by the merchandisers.

All of this testimony the subcommittee found absorbing, but Senator Philip A. Hart (D., Mich.) noted mildly that his colleagues were less interested in theory than in finding out whether the consumer was getting a "fair shake in the box" from the food manufacturers.

Since the subcommittee hearings began last summer — they are still in progress — a sizable number of housewives have trooped to the witness stand to argue, by their presence, with Mr. King's theory of their "inalienable right" to be irrational. Take, for example, Dorothy S. Wheeler of Alexandria, Va., who thoughtfully brought along a few samples to show the Senators. She demonstrated a cake mix that was packaged in a container 20 per cent larger than a rival product, but actually contained less mix. Then there was the instance of two bottles of vegetable oil, equal in height. But one had 25 per cent less oil than the other because its "waist-line" had been "pinched" to make for eye appeal.

The "irrationalist" legions got

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solid support from the articulate Mrs. Marya Mannes, author and critic, who confessed that to her the modern supermarket is the "greatest exercise in planned confusion since the bazaars of Samarkand." She told the subcommittee that "most of us are simply too busy or too tired or too harassed to take a slide rule and an M.I.T. graduate with us to the supermarket and figure out what we're buying."

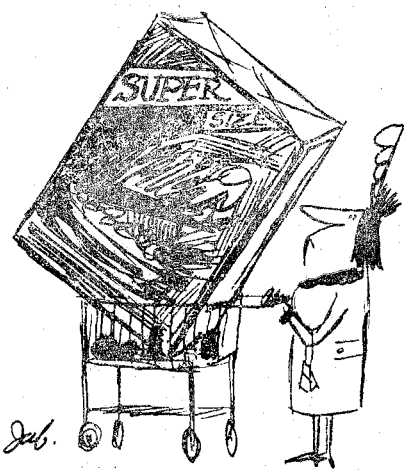
And the ominous thing about it, she said, is that "the makers of the goods we buy know this. In fact they know more about us than we know about them. They have spent millions of dollars studying us, the consumer." The Big Brothers in our society, she went on, are the "sellers and their brainwashing handmaidens, the behavioral scientists" who make the Orwellian nightmare seem like a refreshing dream. She estimated that the penny taken here and there in short-weight cartons and deliberate confusion of comparative prices and values is "greater than the staggering amount we forfeit to crime and corruption." Worse still, she observed, a sort of Gresham's law is at work in that "dishonest practices, because they succeed, will drive out honest practices because they don't."

AN EXAMPLE of how this is actually working came up several months later during the hearings when Roy Zimmerman, a packager of private brands, conceded that in one instance his company was driven to advertise a quart of detergent as a "full quart — 32 ounces" because a shelf-sharing competitor's brand containing 22 ounces was labeled "giant" size.

Here are further examples from the testimony of witnesses:

¶A baby-food processor brought out a new jar of applesauce containing a quarter of an ounce less than the old. An unwitting mother would, if she fed her child four jars a day, feed the child twenty-four pounds less per year without realizing it.

¶Two brands of soap pads were advertised at 13 cents each, but one box contained four pads and the other five. Consumers complained that the distinction was made in



print so fine that it could not be read without a magnifying glass.

¶Two brands of salt came in boxes containing identical amounts, but one box was an inch taller than the other.

¶Among detergents were found a "giant" size containing 3 pounds 5½ ounces, and a "giant" size containing 3 pounds 1¼ ounces. Both cost 77 cents each and looked the same size.

¶One breakfast-food company sold six biscuits in a box weighing six ounces, then brought out a new box, exactly the same size, containing five biscuits and weighing five ounces.

One recurring complaint by witnesses was the reluctance of manufacturers to tell the consumer what he is getting. Senator Hart explained the theme of the complaints this way: "Day by day [shoppers] pay more and more for less and less in bigger containers bearing smaller and smaller type." The Senator knew whereof he spoke; at one stage in the hearings, he had to use a magnifying glass to read the print on a label.

Some witnesses suggested that a uniform federal packaging and labeling law is needed to bring coherence again to the market place; to drive out the inadvertent, and possibly deliberate, chaos in the variety of cartons offered that contain the same thing.

That this is easier said than done was quickly made clear. Quite apart from the question of federal interference, the industry leaders are divided among themselves on whether packaging anarchy is harmful and costly to the consumer, or is actually a beneficent gesture bestowed by the industry on a public that is clamoring for it (in accordance, one presumes, with King's Law of Irrationality).

When Senator Hart suggested to Louis Cheskin, a Chicago motivational researcher, that the weight of a package's contents be stamped in large type on the label, Cheskin recoiled. "It would mutilate the psychological appeal of the package," he said. And when Hart raised the question of establishing a uniform federal packaging law, the witness feared for the American way of life. Cheskin said he opposed any "regimenting" of the packaging industry. It is only a short step from uniform sizes and shapes on store shelves to making every American dress like his neighbors, he warned.

Senator Hart and his colleagues were missing the point completely, it appeared. "Packaging," said Cheskin, "is the essence of the affluent society." Men "package" themselves in flashy automobiles; women with cosmetics and mink coats; families in fancy houses. Studies have shown, he went on, that people are more interested in packaging than in price.

BUT THEN the witness started to backtrack: of course, he said, only a stupid packager would cheat. An inferior product beautifully wrapped, like a vulgar woman beautifully groomed, is not likely to get a second chance. So, apparently, Senator Hart and his colleagues were not missing the point, after all; the consumer *is* interested in value. The point of the hearings, which Cheskin apparently missed, was that consumers are confused by the multiplicity of product sizes and inconspicuous weight-labeling to the point where it is no longer possible to judge value received in terms of cost. None of the witnesses were complaining about the *quality* of the products — the point of Cheskin's "vulgar woman" analogy.

It was left to Edmund W. J. Faison, president of Visual Research, Inc., to go all the way. He told the subcommittee that trimming sizes rather than raising prices was in response to consumer demand. Consumers would rather, he said, get less than pay more. The easiest thing the industry could do is to raise prices, he said, implying that by cutting contents instead, the industry was

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sacrificing much in order to please the consumer.

Two industry witnesses, Robert L. Andrews and Roy Zimmerman, packagers of private brands, agreed that the consumer should, of course, be told exactly and clearly what he is getting. They both opposed federally imposed uniformity, however, preferring that the industry police its own marts.

HOW widespread are the abuses alluded to by witnesses? Are they deliberate, or just inadvertencies growing out of the packaging revolution brought about by the motivational researchers?

In one statement preceding the hearings, Senator Hart proved reluctant to make harsh judgments. Some of the practices which resulted in the consumer's plight "just grew up," Hart conceded. If there is fraud in packaging, he said, it is not general.

One executive of a large grocery chain, who opposed government regulation of packaging, said he had checked sixty-eight items in one store and found only three in which the "super-duper," "giant" or "large economy" size cost more per ounce than the smaller competing item. This works out to slightly more than 4 per cent of the items checked, but if the ratio were applied to a complete inventory of products in a modern supermarket, where a display of 6,000 items is not unusual, some 250 items would fall under suspicion.

One witness, Mrs. Persia Campbell, economist at Queens College (New York City), and a consumer counsel to W. Averell Harriman when he was Governor of New York, raised the disturbing possibility that rising food costs — among others — might be concealed by labeling and packaging changes. "If we are to deal adequately with inflation, we must have it out in the open," she said.

Few insiders here expect the subcommittee to recommend federal interference in the packaging and labeling industry. It is expected, however, that a strong recommendation will be made to the industry to put its own house in order — or face federal action.

Whatever else comes out of the hearings, the American consumer can be grateful for one marketing tip offered by the articulate Roy King. Since the whole thing is emotional, why fret about intelligent selection of the best buy? Buy the beans that give you emotional goose bumps — and never mind how much you are getting for your money.

LETTERS

(*Continued from inside front cover*)

is a way of life, and not just our skins we are trying to protect, we had better think twice. ROGER HAGAN
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs: In Mr. Hagan's article, which in my opinion is very well done, a statement is drawn from the pamphlet *Community of Fear* written by James Real and me. The specific quotation states that: "A 10-megaton burst in the atmosphere 30 miles above the earth could set fire to combustibles over 5,000 square miles on a clear day."

Unfortunately, there is a misprint in the pamphlet; the altitude of the explosion should read 3 miles and not 30. This difference in no way negates the fire danger presented by large thermonuclear weapons. Were a 10-megaton bomb exploded at an altitude of 3 miles, it is likely that an area of about 5,000 square miles would be razed by fire on a clear day, as stated in the pamphlet.

In order to maximize the thermal effects of a large blast, it is desirable to explode the bomb at a sufficient altitude to lessen effects of shadows, but not so high that the slant range for combustible materials is greatly reduced. For maximum thermal effect it is important that the fireball (maximum radius, 7,000 feet) not touch the earth. Thus, one would explode a 10-megaton bomb at an altitude greater than 1.5 miles, but probably no greater than 3 miles. If there were a cloud cover, one would want to explode the bomb beneath the cover (in this case, reflected radiation from the clouds could substantially increase the fire hazard).

According to the AEC publication, *The Effects of Nuclear Weapons* (1957), a 10-megaton explosion would produce sufficient thermal radiation to ignite dry deciduous leaves at a distance of 25 miles and newspaper at a distance of about 28 miles. Shredded newspaper would ignite at 35 miles and a highly combustible material, such as rayon acetate taffeta, at 40 miles.

Newspaper is by far the most abundant highly combustible material scattered around most cities. The area embraced by "newspaper ignition" would be 2,800 square miles. Less abundant ignitions would occur over an area of about 5,000 square miles.

In view of the fallout, it would seem unlikely that fire-fighting brigades would be operating very efficiently around the perimeter of such a conflagration (the perimeter of the "newspaper fire" area would be about 170 miles; that of the total area would be nearly 250 miles).

Although it is conceivable that such a conflagration might be confined to an area as small as 2,500 square miles, it is equally conceivable that in the absence of human control efforts, it could consume an area considerably greater than 5,000 square miles. The actual area destroyed would, of course, depend upon many variables such as the terrain, the amount and distribution of scattered combustible material, the wind and moisture conditions, the nature of the cloud cover and the general form of the firestorm. HARRISON BROWN
Pasadena, Calif.

On Space Cartels

Dear Sirs: The article by Dallas W. Smythe in your October 14 and 21 issues, entitled "The Space Giveaway," made stimulating reading.

In assessing the dangers of the public interest that might result from untrammeled private control of space communications systems, the author calls attention to the possible merging of international radio and cable communications and of the companies which control them. Such a consequence has been a matter of no little concern to me as well. In a recent letter to Chairman Newton N. Minow of the Federal Communications Commission, I had occasion to criticize the basic recommendations of the Ad Hoc Carrier Committee, stressing among other things the fact that the antitrust laws "prohibit the acquisition by an interstate or foreign wire carrier of international radio stations if the effect may be to substantially lessen competition or unlawfully to create a monopoly." EMANUEL CELLER
House of Representatives
Chairman, Committee on the Judiciary
Washington, D.C.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Rembrandt and the Bankers

Lincoln Kirstein

THE SALE of a Rembrandt to The Metropolitan Museum of Art for an unprecedented $2,300,000 came at a time when Lincoln Kirstein was completing for The Nation *his annual survey of the year's most notable art books. The transaction brought to focus in his mind a number of related factors in the management and conduct of our large cultural institutions — factors related also to the publishing of books — and he has written the following essay as a preface to the detailed book evaluations. His listings are therefore postponed one week.*

"AND thick and fast they came at last, and more and more and more. . . ." It's a *Looking-Glass* world of wond'rous art at wond'rous prices—and a wond'rous, or one hopes, a wondering (not a bemused) public that looks at hand-painted-type pictures which somebody (even they themselves, indirectly) has paid for; that also buys art books as fast as hi-fi records. From *The New York Times* of November 27 one learns, in a feature story that begins cannily with a sliver of type on page 1 and then expands on page 32 into a megaton-crusher of guilty self-justification, how madly keen a new art public is in its cannibalistic appreciation of (*great*) art — providing it costs as much as the Erickson Rembrandt, *Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer*. $2,300,000. Worth every penny. Greatest Philosopher who ever lived, greatest Poet w.e.l., by the greatest Painter w.e.l. What a package! With its provenance impeccable, this painting has been expensive since it was completed in 1653. Director James Rorimer, quizzed on how he'd wangled it, 'fessed up shyly: "We just put our pennies together."

The bankers, lawyers, insurance underwriters, real-estate operators and department-store managers who have ultimate trusteeship of the Met.'s pennies were unquestionably able to parlay their available funds-in-trust, via interest futures, tax-forgiveness, and other legal prestidigitations, to such good effect that they could protect this uniquely desirable property from provincial Texan oil and cattle fanciers. Rumor had it these outlanders intended to lasso the whole Erickson string for a new Lone Star Museum in Waco, Abilene or Forth Worth. Actually, given our tax structure and fictive economy, even this Rembrandt probably cost no one a *very* pretty penny. So, in a glare of maximum attention, New York gets to keep this year's most sensational painting: twelve months from now, few will remember just how big the tab was or just which picture was on the block. It is a moderately great painting — not Great, like *The Mill* in the Mellon Collection, or *The Polish Rider* in the Frick, but still a real Rembrandt.

Big museums — those as big as the Met. and The "National" Gallery in Washington — specialize in a peculiar brand of luxury item, be it painting, sculpture or drawing. It must be of "museum quality." This term is not easily defined, but a fairly small picture which is also expensive is seldom of "museum quality." Our public is myopic, so really fancy prices had better be paid for work large enough to be seen across a big gallery. That, no doubt, is why the Carlo Crivelli tempera panel, the single finest (and rarest) thing in the Erickson sale (Roger Fry called it "one of Crivelli's greatest designs") went for a measly $220,000 to a very intelligent private collector who makes leather goods of exquisite craftsmanship. (Take a long look at the Crivellis in the Met. or the "National": then compare them with those in the catalogue of last summer's Crivelli show in Venice. Either museum should have delighted in the Erickson panel.)

If a museum's acquisition committee is willing to spend the consolidated income of two or three years on a *single* item, it gets the cover of *Time* (edged with gold, no less). More important, it saves busy bankers endless hours of wrangling in tiresome committee meetings, listening to the well-meaning if foolish pleas of responsible curators, each of whom has some expert bee in his bonnet. The grand gesture is the fitting gesture: Meissonier's Napoleonic super-epic, *Friedland, 1807*, which Henry Hilton bought for the Met. for $66,000 (in 1887!) is still on view, a sight corroborating Degas' famous *mot*: "All is metal save the cuirasses."

And the science, for it *is* a semi-demi social science, of public relations can be Aliced around so that it is even profitable to purchase expensive fakes, like those whopping Etruscan terra cottas still displayed for the benefit of a fascinated public, as quaint examples of the *manque d'expertise* of the present director's naive predecessors. Speaking of which, whatever became of those two parcel-gilt reliquaries that were once his pride and joy at The Cloisters?

IT IS bankers' psychology to compete against bankers, and with the rich haul of the Rembrandt, the Met. diddled, among others, the museums of Cleveland, West Germany and Texas, as well as Paul Mellon and Chester Dale, the two principal patrons of the "National." It is true that for a mere $800,000 Chester Dale purchased the Erickson Fragonard. Mr. Dale, a member of the Legion of Honor, is partial to French art if in "good taste" (i.e., eighteenth or nineteenth century); he is also celebrated for having commissioned Salvador Dali's obscene *Last Supper*, which daily affronts our national innocence in our "National" Gallery. The Fragonard he got is not first vintage, and only the ninth or tenth Fragonard that the "National" already has. They need it like a hole in the head, but: *quand même*. As for the Rembrandt coup, it is just possible that responsible curators in Cleveland, West Germany, Texas and Washington decided that enough was enough. Each of them already has a good many Rembrandts; there are really a good many Rembrandts around, even in New York City. Bankers manage banks; one hopes they do it well, for we depend on our friendly financiers. But sometimes the Met.'s psychology, as with that of other luxury manipulators, is more akin to the methods of advertising managers at Bloomingdale's and Macy's, who frame their daily journalistic displays less to attract the public than to crush their opposite numbers at Macy's and Bloomingdale's.

It does not happen often, for there is

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN'S study of William Rimmer, the nineteenth-century Boston anatomist and sculptor, was reprinted in its entirety with new illustrations in the Fall, 1961 issue of The Massachusetts Review.

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no gainsaying that the Metropolitan Museum of Art is the greatest museum in the Western World and is in fact our National (without quotes) Gallery. This is due to a tradition of heroic, selfless and enlightened patronage, to such great amateurs as the senior Morgan, Altman, Blumenthal, the junior Rockefeller and a present generation of connoisseurs and collectors like the Wrightsmans, Judge Untermeyer and Walter Baker. It is also due to the dedication and abnegation of a magnificent staff (and a couple of rotten apples with tenure, as is normal in any complex institution; but, thank God, time wounds all heels), whose taste, intelligence, imagination, moral elevation and historical sense are incomparable in this hemisphere. But how would you feel if you worked in one of those wond'rous new bank buildings in Lower Manhattan (all glass, filled with real modern art and designed by Skidmore, Owings & Merrill) and got a company hand-out on your return from the Thanksgiving holiday, saying that your bank (more a father than an employer) had decided to forgo those indicated raises for the time being. Instead, you as co-worker would contribute toward a magnificent stainless-steel scaffold (designed by the late Eero Saarinen), hung with three crystal balls (by Steuben), as a sorta institutional memorial to the Medici (who invented art patronage and banking). The purchase of the Erickson Rembrandt will inhibit the acquisition of many small, odd, useful items, long recommended by a long-suffering staff.

The Met. offers a great service to the industrial life of New York City, our cultural capital, and not alone to the fashion trades. That is why it is the Nation's Gallery, while the "National" Gallery in Washington is far more an agglomeration of gentlemanly taste, with some incomparable masterpieces and much trash. The Met.'s print collection alone, the library, the armor, ceramics, metal-work, jewels, in endless profusion, give life and energy to the arts and crafts of our day. Curators not only manage to acquire these documents; they love them. Their love has made the Met. the greatest systematic repository of documentary resources in this country, if not in the world.

What bankers run are banks, Lincoln Centers, Washington Culture Centers, film companies, colleges, opera houses and publishing companies. There is little that the compulsive, restless, aching energy of businessmen can resist trying to control. Few of them have pleasure in the employment of the mind; finally, they are bored by bridge and the entr'actes of the opera. The vacuum produces a blind, somatic need for control. Control for what, control of whom? Just control of everything, including artists and curators. Artists are untidy, and not of much consequence unless they are dead, have cut off an ear or can be depended upon to jolly up a high bohemian party. Curators are eccentric, dress badly, have tedious habits of reiteration. Also they are unsuccessful (i.e., badly paid: who knows that better than a banker?). It is a Christian banker's duty to save artist and curator from themselves. Since most bankers, lawyers, insurance dealers and real-estate operators, who remain the trustees of our chief goods and services, primarily understand negotiability and competitive status, they seldom have a sense of quality, the intention of the artist, the real condition of a given work or the historical process. Some of them think they have "taste," meaning good taste, but what about the Dalis of Chester Dale and Huntington Hartford — or the Met.'s own *Crucifixion?* Their depressed curatorial staffs must approve their more elephantine purchases in the hope that for condign approval they may be allowed to squeeze at least a fraction of their real needs into the annual budget. Such purchases as the Erickson Rembrandt reduce curatorial funds to a perfunctory pittance. If this is untrue, then just how rich *is* the Met.?

Publishers are bankers, too, and they will pay to get expensive books expensively printed, if the profit odds are good. A few university presses are still so handsomely endowed that they can avoid the long hand of sensible efficiency experts. A few eccentric scholarly amateurs still risk bankruptcy when they are in love with a subject, an author, an artist or an idea. But these are surely immoral plungers, and their hell is the remainder counter at the Marboro thrift shops.

When, gentle buyer, you consider purchasing art books this Christmastide, note that increasingly they assume the heft of phone books, including the yellow pages. A few publishers are starting to make a killing in small-format paperbacks; they must have studied the sales charts of Rambler and Studebaker-Lark. Reflect, buyer, on how an object called *The Greece I Love* (Tudor) got itself published, considering the hundreds of other books that take care of Greece pretty well from Crete, Cycladic Art and Mycenae, through Pergamun and Miss Mercouri. One imagines a bright young editor researching the American Express travel receipts over the past five years. Boy, did Hellas zoom! Here's the perfect Christmas package for every alumna of a Cunard cruise. How does *Time-Life* make its wond'rous compendia available at such —well, moderately—reasonable prices? Or *Horizon* or *American Heritage*? For one thing, they hoard those beautiful color plates, issue by issue, until they have the basis of a brand new book. Then there are the Picasso industry, the Great Collections industry, the Great Periods, Epochs and Eras industry, and the Modern Art industry.

ALL IS not lost. Some very good books still get themselves published. Some are cheap; some of the rather expensive ones are amusing and useful. Some even weigh less than a healthy new-born child. Even the color in some is responsible.

As for art journalism, as distinct from art history or art criticism (the last of which is next to nonexistent in our fair land), we still have those two egregious monthlies, shrewd and poetic as ever, with their complacent treaty between advertiser and reviewer maintaining the pious fiction of the "independent" criticism of one-man shows.

There is an occasional happy break. John Richardson did an expert hatchet-job on Max Ernst in the April, 1961, *Art News*. Emily Genauer of the *Herald Tribune* stubbornly persists in her crotchety way with uncommon common sense. And *The Nation's* brilliant new art critic, Max Kozloff, was the only person in New York who was not snowed by Bernard Reder's portentous trifles at the Whitney. Best of all, *The New York Times*, which has all that influential circulation, has discovered an able, charming, lively, gracious young critic in Brian O'Doherty. He is an ironist who *knows* pictures; he likes to look at them — fancy that. He also has a good TV show (Sundays at 4; Channel 4).

Christmas Listings

Next week, in addition to Lincoln Kirstein's survey of art books of the year, the issue will include a list of books published in 1961 by authors who have also contributed to *The Nation* during the year. Lester Trimble will submit his selection of current records, and Robert Wallace will publish a year-end review of paperbacks.

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Disarmament Theory

WHO WANTS DISARMAMENT? By Richard J. Barnet. Beacon Press. 134 pp. $3.50.

GRADUATED RECIPROCATION IN TENSION-REDUCTION. A Key to Initiative in Foreign Policy. By Charles E. Osgood. Institute of Communications Research. University of Illinois. 82 pp. Free distribution.

DISARMAMENT: The Challenge of the Nineteen Sixties. By James P. Warburg. Doubleday & Co. 288 pp. $4.50.

J. David Singer

NOT many years ago, advocates of conflicting national security policies fell largely into two groups. On the one hand were those who saw in the USSR a major threat to our "way of life"; ultimate military showdown seemed quite likely, and no sacrifice was too great to stand off — and defeat — the Bolshevik menace. At the other pole were those who took a more romantic view of the Soviets, who tended to explain the cold war in terms of our own bellicosity; adherents of this position constantly urged us to "meet the Kremlin half-way" and to demonstrate our good will. Around the first of these positions clustered the proponents of military supremacy and around the latter were found the supporters of one or another vague form of "disarmament."

The harsh facts of international life began to filter through the bromides and the slogans during the early 1950s, with the result that the national security policy field was no longer left to these two extremes of naïveté. The "warmongers" began to discover that war no longer had a rational relationship to the political purposes for which it had once been waged, and the "peace-mongers" gradually found out that it takes two to cooperate.

Out of these belated realizations has come both a blurring and a sharpening of security policy positions. The blurring is due to the emergence of a whole series of positions on the policy continuum, and the sharpening results from an increasingly careful attention to detail at each of these positions. While the two polar positions still attract some, almost all serious students of the subject abandoned them for the more sophisticated intermediate gradations which cluster around the ideas of deterrence, arms control and reciprocal disarmament. And in the very recent past some have even begun to search for a meaningful synthesis of these three strategic positions.

All three of the studies under review, though reflecting one or another combination of the deterrence-disarmament mixture, represent an effort to achieve such a synthesis. Each of the authors realizes that there is little stability in "stable deterrence"; at the same time none is prepared to scrap the Western arsenal in the hope that the Soviet will follow suit.

Richard J. Barnet is a young research lawyer and Soviet specialist who recently joined the U.S. Disarmament Administration as a deputy responsible for arms control and disarmament research conducted by university scholars and such quasi-official organizations as the Institute for Defense Analyses. Charles E. Osgood is a psychologist at the University of Illinois, president-elect of the American Psychological Association, and perhaps best known for his development of the "semantic differential"; his interest in peace research was shown several years ago in an incisive article for the *Journal of Conflict Resolution*. James P. Warburg has been challenging and counseling the nation on a multitude of public issues for many fruitful years.

Barnet and Warburg both attempt fairly comprehensive analyses of the so-called "negotiations" in which the cold-war adversaries have engaged since 1946. While Warburg provides the more detailed chronology, his — perhaps because of its detail — is less coherent than Barnet's. Both clearly recognize that the standard "explanation" for the failure of the disarmament talks to make significant progress (Western insistence on comprehensive inspection versus Soviet opposition thereto) is at best incomplete. They place as much emphasis on two less obvious but equally crucial factors: (a) though the risks of the arms race may be quite high, they are at least more familiar than those associated with any sort of comprehensive disarmament system; and (b) effective disarmament would require the transfer of such extensive political powers to the supervising organization as to imply a real loss of sovereignty.

Beyond this, both writers are aware of the degree to which national governments are far from unified monoliths, and the ways in which internal divisions at home make unlikely any serious negotiations abroad. No arms reduction plan can satisfy all the factions at home, and the heads of state have invariably capitulated to the more powerful domestic forces, i.e., the "don't budge, you can't do business with them" elements. When to this original ambivalence and divided counsel is added the glaring inadequacies of technical expertise, competent planning and knowledgeable, committed negotiators, it is little wonder that no multilateral reductions have yet been negotiated.

DESPITE the dismal results to date, Barnet and Warburg would still pin their hopes on continuing bilateral (and multilateral) negotiation. Osgood departs sharply from this traditional approach. After a compelling analysis of the psychological inhibitions and fears at work, and a conclusion that the "same forces that created the arms race militate against success in mutual negotiations," Osgood proposes a strategy of graduated unilateral measures aimed at creating "an atmosphere in which steps toward a more permanent solution . . . can be taken." Such measures would be not only in the realm of military dispositions and arms reductions, but in the economic, diplomatic, scientific and cultural fields as well. Emphasizing that "the variable most under our control is [mutually] perceived external threat," he proposes such measures as withdrawing U.S. opposition to China in the U.N., denuclearizing of a Japanese air base, making the DEW line bi-directional, informing the U.N. of all rocket launches and much more.

Certainly the West could do a great many things of this sort without affecting our over-all capability in any significant degree, and they might reduce the Soviets' threat-perception. But though Osgood raises and deals effectively with a host of objections and considerations, his plan cannot (nor can any plan) answer the central question: how will the USSR and others react to these measures? If we make the only intelligent assumption — that we do not really *know* what the Soviet strategy and goals are, and that they themselves may not know either — then we can only hope that such initiatives will be reciprocated. They might interpret each such act as one either of convenience, duplicity or weakness. In short, can we find a combination of unilateral acts such that our own capacity to deter is not seriously degraded while at the same

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time the adversary is persuaded that we have renounced war as a means of policy? To phrase it this way is to reveal the basic incompatibility between the two objectives. It seems to me that as long as we retain our strategic forces, the Kremlin will see them as evidence of a possible (or probable) attack, and if we move any significant distance toward dismantling them, we lay ourselves open to an equally possible exploitation by an adversary whose goals *we* can only partially predict.

This, then, is the disarmament dilemma, and the three authors illuminate it most effectively. I would agree with Osgood that certain unilateral reductions are worth the risk, but would end up with Warburg and Barnet in pinning our main hopes on continued formal multilateral negotiation.

Steffens and Co.

THE MUCKRAKERS. Edited and with notes by Arthur and Lila Weinberg. Simon and Schuster. 449 pp. $7.50.

Daniel Aaron

THE VERB "to muckrake" is now well established in the American lexicon. It means "to expose in print." But even the general reader who remembers that Theodore Roosevelt coined the epithet "muckraker" and applied it indiscriminately to a varied group of crusading reporters in the first decade of the century, is hardly likely to have read more than snippets of Lincoln Steffens and Upton Sinclair. We can be thankful to Arthur and Lila Weinberg for assembling some specimens of muckraking journalism in a conscientiously edited volume which includes a number of the more important exposures of politics, patent medicine, racial conflict, high finance, churches, prisons, child labor, industrial accidents and prostitution. An epilogue, tracing the subsequent careers of the muckrakers, and a useful checklist of other muckraking articles conclude the anthology.

It would be gratifying to report to those who are depressed by the insipidities of our current inside dopesters that here is a braver and more brilliant journalism, a kind that might serve as a model for the unwritten exposés of today; and, in fact, a few of the articles selected by the editors do seem to justify this claim. Steffens, chatty and ironical, still exerts his easy charm as he punctuates his revelations about rascality in Minneapolis with comments on the "virtuous cowardice" of the decent citizen. Ida Tarbell solemnly documents the twists and turns of Rockefeller's South Improvement Company, a tendentious and prim historian, never shrill, never hortatory, but quietly delivering her devastating arraignment. C. P. Connolly's story of the Montana copper tycoons, written with bitter detachment, is both factual and dramatic, and powerfully illuminates the vendettas of raw and uninhibited capitalists. William Hard's account of unnecessary accidents in the South Chicago steel mills, solid yet artful, sets a standard for muckraking rarely approximated by his fellow journalists. The mill he pictures, with photographic verisimilitude, is as menacing as a jungle, and the crushed and scalded workers become casualties in an industrial war waged by the owners and paid for by the public.

Aside from these few remarkable exceptions, however, the articles no longer possess the explosiveness they

DANIEL AARON is the author of Writers on the Left: Episodes in American Literary Communism *(Harcourt, Brace and World). Mr. Aaron is in the English Department of Smith College.*

Questions of TODAY for the World of TOMORROW

- WHAT WILL MANKIND REMEMBER?
- THE BOMB?
- THE PROGRAM?

?

- WHAT DO THE SOVIET PEOPLE WANT?
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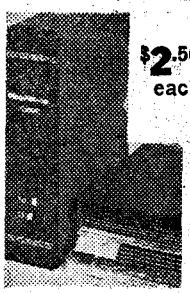
apparently had for the hundreds of readers who once waited impatiently for the latest issue of *McClure's* or *Cosmopolitan* or *Everybody's*. At best they have no more than a sociological or historical interest.

The editors call the muckrakers "the 'angry young men' of the early twentieth century," but how many of them were really angry, and what were they angry about? Practically all of them were inadvertent if not reluctant reformers who, unlike the abolitionists or the Socialists, came into reform almost by accident. They shared a part of the idealism and civic sense of the Mugwump class, but, as Richard Hofstadter has noted, most of them were the hired hands of publicity-minded editors, and they approached their tasks in many cases with well-bred revulsion. Conservatives classified Upton Sinclair as one of "the wild preachers of unrest," in T. R.'s phrase, who agitated against "the entire existing order," yet even he possessed the Progressive's faith in an enlightened public and accepted the values of middle-class old stock America. Some of the muckrakers distrusted the plutocracy and trade unions alike. Others viewed the new immigrants from eastern or southern Europe with greater concern than compassion, winced at the vulgarity of the city bosses, and investigated the degraded lower orders as if they were slummers from another world. Ida Tarbell, much to her chagrin, found herself lumped with the other muckrakers and redeemed herself by celebrating the achievements of Judge Elbert H. Gary. Thomas Lawson, represented in this volume by a chapter from his sensational *Frenzied Finance*, never bothered to conceal his anti-democratic biases. Almost all of the muckrakers listed in the epilogue (again Sinclair and Steffens are the best known exceptions) relapsed into decorous conservatism after their adventures in reform.

THE ARTICLES in *The Muckrakers* tend to support the view that muckraking marked a journalistic revolution rather than a moral one. Had it not been for the introduction of cheaper paper, a new photo-engraving technique, a public hungry for lurid revelations, and a vigorous and aggressive group of businessmen-publishers, trained in the school of Pulitzer and Hearst, the muckrakers might have made no greater impact on the public at large than the talented "premuckrakers" who preceded them. They molded opinion and inaugurated reform legislation (as Walter Lippmann argued in a passage quoted by the editors) because they had a responsive audience as eager as the President himself to strike down the respectable and unrespectable delinquents, and they had the magazines to reach that audience. Some of the muckrakers were able professionals, trained to observe and report; others were literary amateurs, sob-sisters and irresponsible sensationalists. Certainly they were not bolder or more gifted than a good many of the crusading publicists before and after them. Not one possessed the moral or literary power of Henry George or Henry Demarest Lloyd; and put beside the best "reportage" of the twenties and thirties, their writing is pretty dim.

"Is there a need for muckraking today?" the editors ask, a little archly, in their conclusion. "Are some of the sore spots which were alleviated as a result of the man with the muckrake still festering in our society?" Indeed they are. But the muckrake man is no longer hired by the mass circulation magazines of 1961 to expose these sore spots, and in this golden age of public relations, what would happen even if he were?



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Against the Tyrant in Heaven

FEDERAL STREET PASTOR: The Life of William Ellery Channing. By Madeleine Hooke Rice. Bookman Associates. 360 pp. $6.

Odell Shepard

THIS IS a good book, never brilliant and never dull but steadily adequate. It tells the deeply interesting story of a man who made a hundred-mile run, so to speak, with no haste and no rest. For the most part, Madeleine Rice lets the story tell itself, confident that its intrinsic charm will emerge without help.

Continuity is one secret of this charm, and lifelong adherence to a single ruling idea. In his early youth, perhaps under the influence of the Declaration of Independence which his maternal grandfather had signed, Channing became intensely aware of what he called "the dignity of man" — that is, of all individual men and their inalienable rights to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Born in 1780, while the Revolutionary War was still going on, he seems to have resolved that it should never end until the full intent of Jefferson's words had been fulfilled. Thereafter he repeated and applied this central idea in many contexts — religious and theological, political and social, economic, philosophic and moral. It kept him alive, moving, growing, in difficulties which would have brought most men to a halt if not to the grave.

William Ellery Channing was a pallid little man, probably not more than five feet tall, with large and lustrous eyes. Throughout his mature life he was obliged to husband what strength he had with utmost care. Furthermore, he was morbidly shy and somewhat cold in demeanor. He was not, therefore, a public orator like Phillips Brooks or Henry Ward Beecher, and the fact that

ODELL SHEPARD edited Thoreau's Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers *and* The Heart of Thoreau's Journals. *His life of Bronson Alcott,* Pedlar's Progress, *won a Pulitzer Prize.*

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his church in Federal Street, Boston, was twice enlarged during his pastorate and was often filled to overflowing is a tribute not to his eloquence, but to his thought and character. He felt more at home in his study than in the pulpit, and probably a hermitage would have suited him best of all. The fame and influence of his later years were won by his publications — many of which, to be sure, were developed from sermons and other public addresses. His Collected Works, in six volumes, have gone through six editions and are still widely read.

NOTHING could be more sharply opposed to "the dignity of man" than the Calvinistic theology which was taken for granted in Channing's boyhood home, for in John Calvin's view mankind was utterly corrupt and hopelessly burdened with ancestral sin. How could that opinion be squared with the Declaration of Independence? How could a young American continue to worship a tyrant in heaven just after his country's violent rejection of an earthly king?

Thus Channing's intellectual and spiritual pilgrimage began in his childhood. From twelve to fourteen years of age he lived in New London with his uncle, Henry Channing — a highly intelligent man then preaching to a Calvinistic congregation although he was definitely Unitarian in belief. Then came Harvard College, where the revolt against Calvin was approaching its climax.

The fundamental alterations in Channing's thought, however, were few, and they were never abrupt. At twenty-eight he was still preaching in Calvinistic terms, but five years later we find him saying that "existence is a curse if Calvinism be true." He was almost forty when he preached in Baltimore the magnificent sermon that gave American Unitarianism its creed, but even then he did not use the name of that creed nor did he deny the divinity of Christ. Perhaps he never did that, even in the statement which he is supposed to have made in the last year of his life, that he was more and more disposed to believe in Christ's "simple humanity."

This good man lived in an age of multifarious and often furious reform, but he was not by nature a reformer. The only idea of his that would now be thought "radical" was that much of the world's modern woe might be cured out of hand by complete abolishment of private property, in the manner of the primitive Christians. Though he said little about it, and of course did nothing, he never abandoned that idea. With regard to many another reforming movement, however, he spoke out in words that had a greater impact than most actions. More and more, with the years, he brought his "progressive Christianity" to bear upon contemporary problems: those of labor, poverty, education, slavery and the swiftly increasing materialism of the country he loved. Again and again, he showed the stark contrast between the "dignity of man" and the actualities of the time and place. Thus he came down from the pulpit, bringing with him all that was noblest in the Christian faith and the American tradition.

His influence was pervasive, not in Boston alone, but in Washington, New York and London. William Lloyd Garrison felt it, and Theodore Parker. So did Daniel Webster, once a member of the Federal Street church. The Transcendentalist group, to which Channing never belonged, regarded him with veneration. Ralph Waldo Emerson once called him their "Bishop." Shortly after Channing's death in October, 1842, Emerson wrote to his Aunt Mary: "He has been whilst he lived the Star of the American Church, and has left no successor. . . . The sternest Judges of the Dead, who shall consider our wants and his austere self-application to them and his fidelity to his lights, will absolve this Soul as it passes and say, 'This man has done well.'" And to that we

The Saint of the Uplands

Their prayers still swarm on me like lost bees.
I have no sweetness. I am dust
Twice over.

In the high barrens
The light loved us.
Their faces were hard crusts like their farms
And the eyes empty, where vision
Might not come otherwise
Than as water.

They were born to stones; I gave them
Nothing but what was theirs.
I taught them to gather the dew of their nights
Into mirrors. I hung them
Between heavens.

I took a single twig from the tree of my ignorance
And divined the living streams under
Their very houses. I showed them
The same tree growing in their dooryards.
You have ignorance of your own, I said.
They have ignorance of their own.

Over my feet they waste their few tears.

I taught them nothing.
Everywhere
The eyes are returning under the stones. And over
My dry bones they build their churches, like wells.

W. S. Merwin

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may now add that no slight portion of Channing's service lay in the example he set and the way that he opened for the thought and work of Emerson himself.

From the Old Testament to the New, from a God of wrath to One whose essence is Love, from John Calvin of Geneva to Emerson of Concord — that was a long, hard journey, most of it uphill. The fact that it was made in one lifetime is a vivid emblem of what Channing meant by "the dignity of man."

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

ROBERT BOLT'S *A Man for All Seasons* (Anta Theatre) is civilized entertainment. "Entertainment" in our theatre is usually associated with frivolity. Bolt's play, a London success, is not without humor but it is not at all frivolous. It is entertainment in the sense that it engages our interest if we are adult enough to appreciate solid literacy, seriousness of intent, pertinence of theme and sound theatrical performance.

What I am saying may strike many readers as redundant. The attributes I ascribe to Bolt's play are normally qualities which should have wide appeal. That is unfortunately not precisely so in our theatre nowadays. To begin with, very few such plays are being produced. For success, our serious plays require a touch of sensationalism, a sadistic stress, a bite in which pain induces excitation.

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A Man for All Seasons is an upright and eminently substantial play. At the moment that is saying much.

It recounts the "life" of Sir Thomas More, the lawyer, writer and for three years Lord Chancellor to Henry VIII of England. Henry wants to rid himself of his Queen Katharine: first, because she has not borne an heir to the throne; second, because he is attracted to Anne Boleyn. As the Pope will not grant an annulment of his marriage, which Henry demands on the grounds that Katharine was his brother's widow, Henry sets up a new Church of which he as sovereign of the land will be the supreme head. This Church of England will grant a divorce and permit him to marry Anne. Henry desires More's approval because More is known to be devout as well as honest and many of the King's subjects have misgivings about what Henry has done and may prove rebellious. More does not challenge the King's action; neither will he approve of it.

Henry forces his administration and his clergy to consent to his command in this matter and he presses More, whom he values to do the same. More resists, although he never declares his reason for doing so until he is brought to the point of trial for treason. More will not betray his conscience. Inwardly he holds to the Catholic view of divorce; he does not believe that the will of King or Parliament can legally be imposed on the Church. He stands for the separation of Church and State, though in this affair it is the State which is intruding itself on the Church. He upholds the law as set forth and guaranteed by Magna Charta. At his "fixed" trial he is pronounced guilty and condemned to death.

BOLT accomplishes two things with this historical material. He dramatizes the heroism of the man who refuses to yield to the dictates of expediency, and he exposes the common man (most of us) who fails to fight in defense of such a person as More. We avoid trouble: we wants to go about our business in mediocre pursuit of our ordinary interests.

The play emphasizes the importance of the law; without it, anarchy sets in and chaos must ensue. Bolt's argument may seem weak here because law may be changed as Henry changes it. What Bolt really wishes to convey is that we must hold to moral principles despite the temptation to abandon them when they prove personally inconvenient.

It is altogether probable that Bolt does not give a fig about the play's specific dilemma, but has used this instance as a means of fashioning a parable for our time — a time when men are far too frequently made to suffer for opposing official opinion and authority, and most of us remain silent because we fear reprisal. Bolt has chosen a presently noncontroversial example to raise an issue that would be highly controversial were it applied to certain contemporary problems. This makes his play at once suggestive and safe.

He employs a technique of narration and presentation influenced by Brecht. The Common Man, a character in the play, addresses the audience as an ironic commentator (or chorus) while serving as a property man — helping to set each of the scenes — and playing various subsidiary roles: More's servant, a boatman, a jailer, chairman of the jury . . . all typical of a common man's employment. The part is both an amusing character and a useful device admirably rendered by George Rose.

What emerges from all this, artistically speaking, is a certain probity—spare, sober, honorable. The play is a thoroughly impressive demonstration and plea.

THE PRODUCTION under Noel Williams' direction corresponds to the play's merits. The setting is stylized for function. (It has no special pictorial distinction, only a modicum of novelty.) The acting is clear, direct, well spoken, meticulously illustrative. One is reminded of a well-established English household in which everything looks dependable, comfortable and happily stable.

Almost the entire cast — notably Leo McKern as a stubby, forceful and abrasively practical Thomas Cromwell, David Stewart as an oily and slightly fatuous Spanish Ambassador, Albert Dekker as a massively honest Duke — is altogether competent.

Exemplary of the occasion's worth is Paul Scofield's More. Scofield is the outstanding figure in the middle generation of English actors. His voice is vinegar and velvet — a certain nasal resonance giving sharp edge to a rich smoothness of tone. His face is austerely handsome, thoughtful and even in levity troubled by some secret concern. He reaches us by the force of his mental processes and purpose, the efficiency of his simple means and an ever-abiding loftiness of sentiment. He rarely flashes, he is always arresting. One feels ennobled by his presence, for it combines intelligence, humility, humane stature, without cant or prose. If there were nothing else in the production of *A Man for All Seasons*, Scofield's acting would warrant our seeing it.

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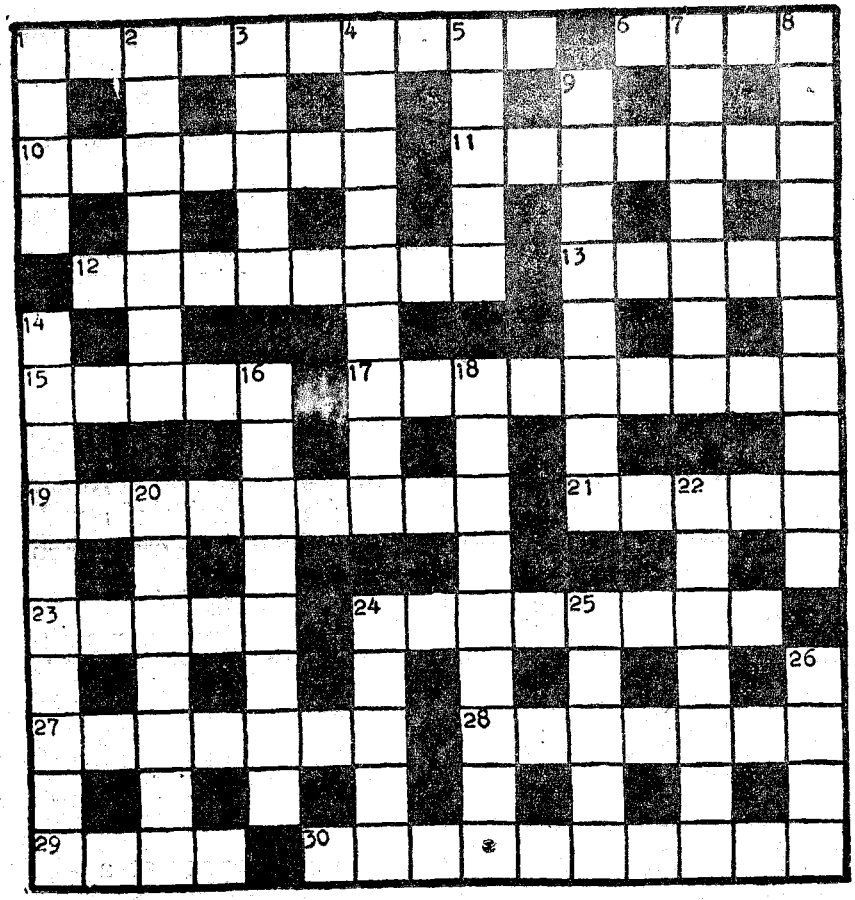
Crossword Puzzle No. 940

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A perfect one in the game is always the same. (10)
6 See 1 down
10 Material state in transformation. (7)
11 How to make a pill be subject to influence. (7)
12 Round burner? (8)
13 It happens to be 17, unsighted! (5)
15 This tries to be big business, but it's all wet! (5)
17 Classes that reach the height, as an energetic provider. (9)
19 A broken leg can, for a bird. (9)
21 The first lady has little right to turn in. (5)
23 Tolstoi said it is the force that welds men together. (5)
24 Emancipate the worker? (8)
27 Flat failure, gone wrong, shows aggrieved feeling. (7)
28 Being, lo, so base! (7)
29 See 26 down
30 Solid study, only half-relative to shelter. (10)

DOWN:

1 and 6 across Brother-in-law? Look out there! (8)
2 The formic type? (7)
3 Factor to square with an animal? (5)
4 With garlic, the product doesn't move very quickly! (9)
5 Foolish part of psyche which should be to one's liking. (5)
7 You might find it a bit mean around here. (7)
8 Choose to speak out? It's the making of us! (10)
9 Wood to come in rather unexpectedly as a pastry filling. (4, 4)
14 Golden Gloves champion, as the main instigator? (10)
16 Not exactly eager to be in the money—though it has a welcome color for it. (3, 5)
18 Such places as Hamlet recommended for a refuge. (9)
20 A variety of red rose, associated with the cloth? (7)
22 The Spanish-French maid is brought up to make the opposite of 28. (7)
24 Bat that makes the pleasure diminish? (5)
25 What might be responsible for sharpness is not quite as Lincoln was, reputedly. (5)
26 and 29 across Vehemence with the hasty might be considered uncomfortable. (4, 4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 939

ACROSS: 1 and 8 Avoirdupois weight; 9 Broccoli; 10 Napper; 11 Fairway; 12 Sealegs; 14 Begone; 15 Literate; 17 Misspent; 20 Beards; 22 Fencers; 24 Passing; 26 Picnic; 27 Rounders; 28 Safety match. DOWN: 2 Vicarious; 3 Iron age; 4 Doit; 5 Pungent; 6 Impel; 7 Crease; 13 Flats; 16 Rhapsodic; 18 Irenic; 19 Earache; 20 Bravura; 21 Donors; 23 Canna; 25 Troy.

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